



The Historie of Henry the Fourth.

Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
Westmerland, with others.

King.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened Peace,
And breath short winded accents
To be commen't in stronds a farre
No more the thirstie entrance of this soile,
Shall daube her lips with her owne childrens blood,
No more shall trenching Warre chanell her fields,
Nor bruise her flowers with the armed hooves
Of hostile paces : those opposed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled heauen
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meete in the intestine shooke,
And furious close of ciuill butcherie,
Shall now in mutuall well-beseeming ranks,
Marchall one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred and allyes,
The edge of Warre, like an ill-sheathed Knife
No more shall cut his Master : therefore friends
As farre as to the Sepulchre of Christ,
Whose souldier now vnder whose blessed Croce
We are impressed and ingag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of *English* shall we leuie,
Whose armes were moulded in their mothers
To chase these *Pagans* in those holy fields,
Ouer whose acres walkt those blessed feete,

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